

Ang. Then must your brother die,
Isa. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were a brother did at once,
Then that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isa. Ignomie in ranfome, and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawfull mercie,
Is nothing kin to fowle redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a tyrant,
And rather prou'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, then a vice.

Isa. Oh pardon me my Lord, it oft fals out
To haue, what we would haue,
We speake not what we meane;

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his aduantage that I dearly loue.

Ang. We are all fraile.

Isa. Else let my brother die,
If not a fedarie but onely he

Owe, and succed thy weaknesse;
Ang. Nay, women are fraile too.

Isa. I, as the glasses where they view themselves,
Which are as easie broke as they make finnes;

Women? Helpe heauen; men their creation marre
In profiting by them: Nay, call vs ten times fraile,

For we are soft, as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I thinke it well.

And from this testimonie of your owne sex
(Since I suppose we are made to be no longer

Then faulcs may shake our frames) let me behold;
I do arrest your words. Be that you are;

That is a woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one (as you are well exprest

By all externall warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Liuerie.

Isa. I haue no tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me entreate you speake the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceiue I loue you.

Isa. My brother did loue *Iuliet*,
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

Ang. He shall not *Isabella* if you giue me loue.

Isa. I know your vertue hath a licence in't,
Which seemes a little fouler then it is,

To plucke on others.

Ang. Beleeue me on mine Honor,
My words expresse my purpose.

Isa. Ha? Little honor, to be much beleeu'd,
And most pernicious purpose: Seeming, seeming.

I will proclaime thee *Angelo*; looke for't
Signe me a present pardon for my brother;

Or with an out-stretcht throat, Ile tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

Ang. Who will beleeue thee *Isabella*?

My vnsoild name, th'austerenesse of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place in State,

Will so your accusation ouer-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your owne report,

And smell of calumnie. I haue begun,
And now I giue my sensuall race, the reine;

Fit thy consent to my sharpe appetite,
Lay by all nicetic, and prolixious blushes

That banish what they sue for: Redeeme thy brother,
By yeelding vp thy bodie to my will,

Or else he must not onely die the death,
But thy vnkindnesse shall his death draw out

To lingring sufferance: Answer me to morrow,
Or by the affection that now guides me most,

Ile proue a Tirant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false, ore-weighs your true.

Isa. To whom should I complaine? Did I tell this,
Who would beleeue me? O perillous mouthes

That beare in them, one and the selfesame tongue,
Either of condemnation, or approofe,

Bidding the Law make curtise to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th'appetite,

To follow as it drawes. Ile to my brother,
Though he hath false by prompture of the blood,

Yet hath he in him such a minde of Honor,
That had he twentie heads to tender downe

On twentie bloodie blockes, hee'd yeeld them vp,
Before his sister should her bodie stoop

To such abhord pollution.

Then *Isabella* liue chaste, and brother die;
"More then our Brother, is our Chastitie.

Ile tell him yet of *Angelo's* request,
And fit his minde to death, for his foules rest.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Pronost.

Du. So then you hope of pardon from Lord *Angelo*?

Cl. The miserable haue no other medicine

But onely hope: I haue hope to liue, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do loose thee, I do loose a thing

That none but fooles would keepe: a breath thou art,

Seruite to all the skyie-influences,

That dost this habitation where thou keepst

Hourly afflict: Meerely, thou art death's foole,

For him thou labourst by thy flight to shun,

And yet runst toward him still. Thou art not noble,

For all th'accommodations that thou bearest,

Are nurst by basenesse: Thou'rt by no means valiant,

For thou dost feare the soft and tender forke

Of a poore worme: thy best of rest is sleepe,

And that thou oft prouoakst, yet grossestie fearst

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thy selfe,

For thou exists on manie a thousand graines

That issue out of dust. Happie thou art not,

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast forgett'st. Thou art not certaine,

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,

After the Moone: If thou art rich, thou'rt poore,

For like an Asse, whose backe with Ingots bowes;

Thou bearest thy heauie riches but a iournie,

And death vnloads thee; Friend hast thou none.

For thine owne bowels which do call thee, fire

The meere effusion of thy proper loines

Do curse the Gowne, Sapego, and the Rheume

For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age

But as it were an after-dinner sleepe

Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth

Becomes as aged, and doth begge the almes

Of palfied-Eld: and when thou art old, and rich

Thou

Thou hast neither heate, affection, limbe, nor beautie
To make thy riches pleasant: what's yet in this

That beares the name of life? Yet in this life,
Lie hid moe thousand deaths; yet death we feare

That makes these oddes, all euen.

Cl. I humbly thanke you.

To sue to liue, I finde I seeke to die,

And seeking death, finde life: Let it come on.

Enter *Isabella*.

Isa. What hoa? Peace heere; Grace, and good com-

panie.

Pro. Who's there? Come in, the wish deserues a

welcome.

Duke. Deere sir, ere long Ile visit you againe.

Cl. Most holie Sir, I thanke you.

Isa. My businesse is a word or two with *Claudio*.

Pro. And verie welcom: looke Signior, here's your

sister.

Duke. Prouost, a word with you.

Pro. As manie as you please.

Duke. Bring them to heare me speake, where I may be

conceal'd.

Cl. Now sister, what's the comfort?

Isa. Why,

As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede,

Lord *Angelo* having affaires to heauen

Intends you for his swift Ambassador,

Where you shall be an euerlasting Leiger;

Therefore your best appointment make with speed,

To Morrow you set on.

Cl. Is there no remedie?

Isa. None; but such remedie, as to saue a head

To cleaue a heart in twaine:

Cl. But is there anie?

Isa. Yes brother, you may liue;

There is a diuellish mercie in the Iudge,

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,

But fetter you till death.

Cl. Perpetuall durance?

Isa. Iust, perpetuall durance, a restraint

Through all the worlds vassalitie you had

To a determin'd scope.

Cl. But in what nature?

Isa. In such a one, as you consenting too't,

Would barke your honor from that trunk you beare,

And leaue you naked.

Cl. Let me know the point.

Isa. Oh, I do feare thee *Claudio*, and I quake,

Least thou a feaorous life shouldst entertaine,

And fix or seuen winters more respect

Then a perpetuall Honor. Dar'st thou die?

The sence of death is most in apprehension,

And the poore Beetle that we treade vpon

In corporall sufferance, finds a pang as great,

As when a Giant dies.

Cl. Why giue you me this shame?

Thinke you I can a resolution fetch

From flowrie tendernesse? If I must die,

I will encounter darknesse as a bride,

And hugge it in mine armes.

Isa. There spake my brother: there my fathers graue

Did vtter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble, to conferue a life

In base appliances. This outward sainted Deputie,

Whose fild visage, and deliberate word

Nips youth in't head, and follies doth emmew

As Falcon doth the Foxe

His filth within being c

A pond, as deepe as hel

Cl. The prenzie, A

Isa. Oh 'tis the cunn

The damnest bodie to i

In prenzie gardes; dost

If I would yeeld him m

Thou might'st be freed

Cl. Oh heauens, it

Isa. Yes, he would g

So to offend him still.

That I should do what

Or else thou diest to m

Cl. Thou shalt no

Isa. O, were it but n

I'de throw it downe for

As frankly as a pin.

Cl. Thankes deere

Isa. Be readie *Claudio*

Cl. Yes, Has he a

That thus can make his

When he would force it

Or of the deadly seuen

Isa. Which is the le

Cl. If it were dam

Why would he for the

Be perdurable fin'de? C

Isa. What saies my

Cl. Death is a fear

Isa. And shamed lif

Cl. I, but to die, an

To lie in cold obstructi

This sensible warme m

A kneaded clod; And th

To bath in ferie floods,

In thrilling Region of t

To be imprison'd in the

And blowne with reflect

The pendant world: or

Of those, that lawlesse

Imagine howling, 'tis t

The weariest, and most

That Age, Ache, periur

Can lay on nature, is a P

To what we feare of dea

Isa. Alas, alas.

Cl. Sweet Sister, le

What sinne you do, to s

Nature dispenses with t

That it becomes a vertu

Isa. Oh you beast,

Oh faithlesse Coward, o

Wilt thou be made a ma

Is't not a kinde of Incest

From thine owne sisters

Heauen shield my Moth

For such a warped slip o

Nere issu'd from his blo

Die, perish: Might but

Repreue thee from thy

Ile pray a thousand prai

No word to saue thee.

Cl. Nay heare me

Isa. Oh fie, fie, fie:

Thy sinne's not accident